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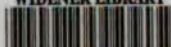
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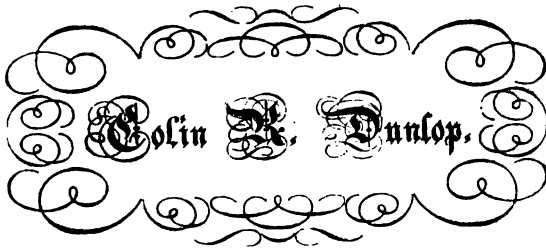
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JOURNAL

OF A

TRIP TO THE ALGERINE TERRITORY,

IN

1837.

William Lumsden

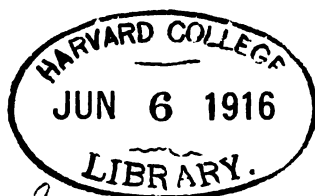
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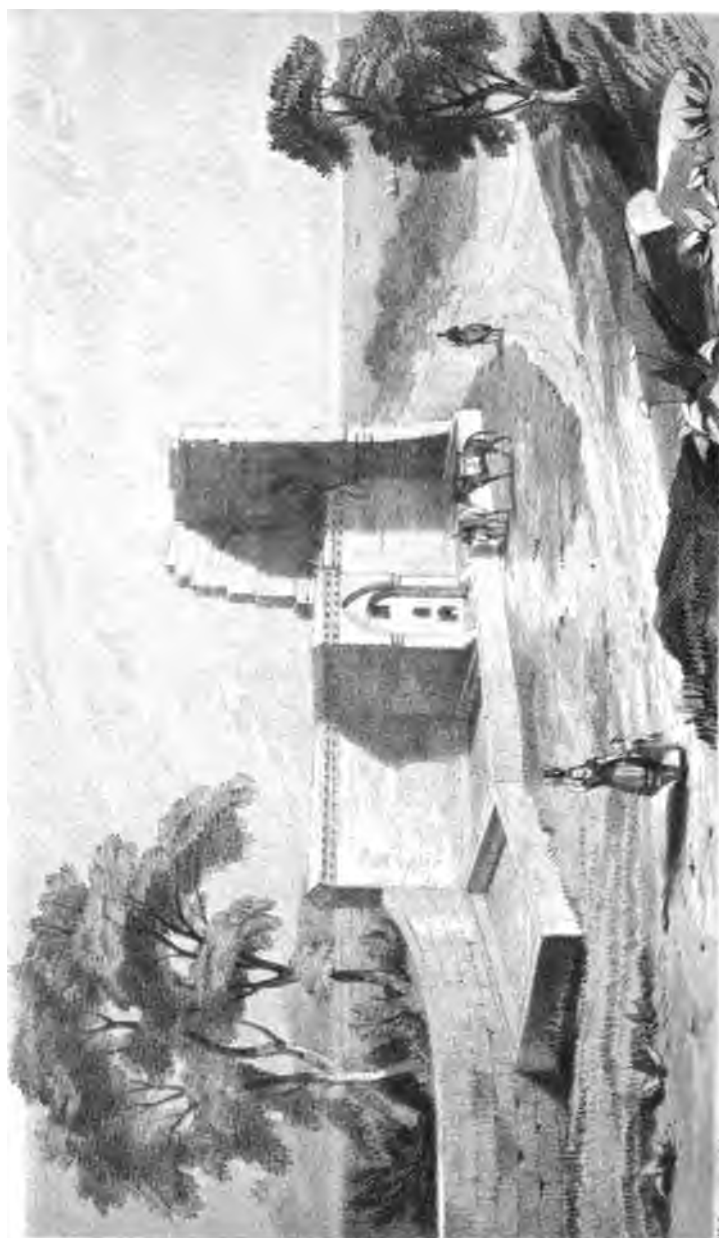


Lane fund

THE manuscript of the following short sketch of a visit to Algeria, in 1837, was found among the papers of the late WILLIAM LUMSDEN, M.D., and is now printed for presentation to his friends, as a slight memorial of the writer, and of the fond affection of a father, who had anticipated a high sphere of usefulness for a beloved and very promising son.

J. L.

YOKER LODGE, *April*, 1847.



W. LANGELOTT DEL.

FOUNTAIN NEAR THE CATHEDRAL, ALBANY

ALLEN & PARSONS DEL.

JOURNAL.

IN the end of March, 1837, I left Paris, with the intention of travelling a little in the interior of France, and of spending some weeks among the wild scenery of the Pyrenees. Unluckily, or rather luckily, as the sequel will prove, the spring was so inclement, and the season so little advanced, that the latter part of my proposed trip was rendered impossible. On my arrival at Bordeaux, I learned that the quantity of snow was still so great, as to render the most interesting parts of the mountainous district totally inaccessible. I had thus, most unexpectedly, several weeks thrown on my hands, and how to employ them became the question; whether to make a zig-zag tour through France, and thus to run over the whole country, or to accomplish a scheme I had been dreaming over for several months before, to start for the coast of Barbary, and visit the French conquests in that part of the world. "*C'est résolu*," said I to myself, "I'll keep both in view, and in the meantime steer eastward to Marseilles, where

circumstances shall determine the question." If the Algerine trip can be easily made out, and if the length of the quarantine on returning is not unreasonable, *à la bonne heure, m'y voila*; but if the difficulties are too great, and the French *concile de santé* too careful of the health of *la belle France*—then behold me roaming among the Alps of Dauphiny, scrambling among the pitchy hills of the Puy de Dôme, skimming along the arrowy Rhone, or dreaming among the vines of Burgundy.

At Marseilles, to my great satisfaction, I learned that all was plain sailing, and that the quarantine did not exceed seven days, the days of entering and quitting included, but that no vessels sailed from that city, the only communication being by means of the Post-Office packets, which started every Monday morning for Toulon. I lost no time in arranging my passport, and securing my seat in the diligence. We (I shall change the pronoun now, for, from this date, my friend Forbes is my companion,) arrived at Toulon on Saturday morning, just in time to secure the two last places in the morrow's steamer. The day was spent in roaming about the environs of the town, and in visiting the arsenal, which is a fine establishment, larger, as far as I can recollect, than that at Woolwich; which is the only English arsenal I can compare it to, not having seen any other. At dinner, we met a Swiss naturalist from Berne, likewise bound for the same destination, and as Forbes and he had already some acquaintance with each

other, we agreed to make the trip together; and now the *we* becomes a collective pronoun, including three persons, Adolphus Otthi, Edward Forbes, and William Lumsden, a most respectable trio of M.D.'s. I shall close my prefatory remarks by the confession, that although the narrative of events is in the form of a journal, it is in reality, more correctly speaking, recollections engrafted on the shadow of a diary kept during my trip.

May 7th. Contrary to the advice disinterestedly given by the clerk at the Post-Office, we embarked this morning on board the Acheron steam ship. The decks were crowded with passengers; and from its being her first trip on a similar station, there was a great want of management, and confusion reigned the mistress of the field. There was no one to tell us where we were to sleep, or to take care of our luggage, which we were left to pack away as best we could on deck. It was not till bed-time that we had the satisfaction of knowing the utmost extent of our woes, by learning that there were only ten mattresses and ten blankets between twenty-two passengers, two of whom were females. Here was explained the mystery of the caution given by the Post-Office clerk, already alluded to. He told me I should not be "*very comfortable*" on board the Acheron, but his words were ill chosen, for he ought to have said, "you will be deucedly uncomfortable," and even then I could not have accused him of exaggeration. However, let us

make the best of it, and let us try if we can't find a corner in this accursed *salle d'armes*, redolent with the emanations from a score or two Frenchmen, many of whom are sick.

8th. Thank heaven, it is morning, and that I have now laid in a sufficient quantity of sleep (although of a very bad quality) to last me for twenty-four hours, saving and excepting sundry little naps which I expect to enjoy during the day, and am able to mount on deck to breathe a mouthful of fresh air, and rinse out my lungs with the morning breeze. No possibility of making one's toilet—not such a thing as a drop of water to be had on board—so that to-day the quarterdeck loungers are considerably more in dishabille than yesterday.

About four o'clock in the afternoon we reached Minorca, and cast anchor in the harbour of Mahon. The port is a beautiful one, and, to my unwarlike eyes, appears very strong. It consists of an arm of the sea, which stretches into the island for about two-and-a-half miles, its course being serpentine, and every turn being defended by a battery. Near the entrance on the south bank is situated Villa Carlos, a small village dependent upon Mahon, and which, indeed, might be called almost a suburb. The appearance of Mahon is beautifully picturesque. A very small part of the town is seen. The banks upon which it is built are precipitous, and of considerable height, so that the row of houses which crowns them is the only part visible. Directly opposite, on a flat point of land

which projects into the harbour, is situated the arsenal belonging to the English government, and I was truly delighted at seeing the gallant blue jackets and their wooden walls, and at hearing English music from the band of the Rodney man-of-war, which was at that moment in the harbour. We shortly afterwards received permission to land, and stay on shore till four o'clock in the morning. It was the pleasantest sound that had entered my ears for two days. I should set foot in Spain. I should get shaved. I should get a good dinner; and I should get a good sleep for a few hours in a good bed. "Sing out, then," said I, "for that fellow alongside, he looks as if he speaks English, and let's be out of this *infernal Acheron*,—never was a vessel more justly named."

9th. On landing yesterday afternoon, our first care was to secure beds in an inn, and order our dinner, which we converted into a kind of mongrel meal, by fixing on half-past eight or nine o'clock as the hour of attack. In the meantime, my two friends started on a sketching and naturalizing expedition, and I on a sight-seeing, church-hunting campaign. The principal facts which struck me were the extreme cleanliness which prevailed throughout the whole town, and the fine sparkle of the women's eyes, beaming from under the folds of the graceful mantilla. There are no edifices of striking appearance, except, perhaps, the chapel of the monastery, which gives, from the style of its architecture, an oriental appearance to the town, when viewed from the

harbour. The language is a Spanish patois, almost as unintelligible to the Spaniards as it was to me. However, nearly every one speaks English, owing to the immense and constant intercourse with the British and American navies. In the evening we made a most excellent repast, which was served up in the English style, and soon after I tumbled into bed, with a joy unspeakable at finding myself unclothed between clean sheets.

Awoke this morning, not by the waiter as agreed upon, but by the dulcet strains of

“We'll not go home till morning,”

Thundered forth from the throats of a dozen half-tipsy, or rather whole-tipsy midshipmen, who had been regaling themselves on the occasion of the departure of one of the vessels for Barcelona. Being midway between sleeping and waking, the English song produced a singularly pleasing effect, for in an instant I found myself at home in a foreign country. We weighed anchor at five a.m. Just as we were starting, a boat pulled alongside, and a young man leaped hastily upon deck, demanding that his wife should be restored to him. She had, it seems, left her nuptial couch very early, and from circumstances known only to himself, he suspected that she had been inspired with a love of travel and—a Frenchman. A search was immediately instituted, but no lady could be found, and the disconsolate husband

was obliged to retreat wifeless. However, after the pilot had left, and we were fairly clear of the mouth of the harbour, my lady was discovered snugly ensconced in a corner of the "*avant carrée*," enjoying the joke, and jabbering broken French to all around.

"Then up and spoke our guid captain,
And an angry man was he."

He compassionated, no doubt, the lonely situation of the unfortunate husband, and immediately ordered out one of the boats, and madame was politely and tenderly handed into it by two sailors, who overcame her coy resistance, in the gentlest manner possible, unmoved by her tears and a shower of beauties of the Spanish language which fell from her lips, like the pearls in the fairy tale.

The day was beautiful, and was spent in promenading the deck and picking up information upon Algiers, from those passengers who had been there before. A little merchant was the most communicative. Among other things, he mentioned the following example of Moorish justice, which is worth preserving, from its being a good specimen of the acuteness with which their magistrates arrive at their equity decisions. An Arab appeared before the Cadi, charging two others with having stolen from him a basketful of artichokes. He stated that he had seen them enter his garden during the night, and commit the theft. The defence of the accused was a simple denial

of the fact; stating, at the same time, that they had bought the artichokes at the market. There were no witnesses on either side. The Cadi was in a dilemma; there were no proofs, and the statements of both parties were explicit and circumstantial. He leant his head upon his hand for a few minutes, and having thought over the question, he ordered the artichokes to be brought. The basket was laid at his side, and each plant was carefully examined by him; upon this examination he decided the question, and turning to the accused, pronounced them guilty, ordering the bastinado for each. A European who was present, and who could not understand the motives of the decision, demanded an explanation, by means of an interpreter. "I found," replied the Cadi, "that the artichokes, in place of having been cut with a knife, as is always the case when prepared for market, had been torn off the plant by force; hence it was evident that the story of the accused having bought them in the market was false, and that they were really guilty of the theft." What a pity that a common-sense court of equity is only fit for an ignorant, semi-barbarous people!

10th. This morning early, all hands were upon deck, and each anxious eye, I speak for myself and companions, straining its utmost to catch the first glimpse of a land, which to me was all promise; a land of poetry and of romance, inspiring dreams—strange fantastic dreams—in which Arabs and Moors, pirates and houris, Spaniards



W. & A. G. & S. N. 1870

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and English, whirled in mazy circles to music suggested by the thunder of Exmouth's cannon, the liquid strains of Lalla Rookh, and the soul-breathing, high-nerved poesy of Byron.

Already the coast of Barbary was apparent, and a pure, dazzling white spot was pointed out as the city of pirates, so oft chastised but never subdued till now. As the steamboat neared, tall minarets could be perceived, crowned with the Mussulman symbol, the white banner of the Prophet, proclaiming the hour of prayer; the frowning Casaubale, bristling with cannon, guarding the city from on high, but with an air alike terrible to friend or foe; and, incongruous accompaniment! the gaudy tricolor, floating over crescents and domes, and declaring that a Christian power ruled now in the nest of Corsairs.

We cast anchor at the entrance of the port, almost at the very spot where the combined Dutch and British fleets, under Exmouth in 1816, took up their station. The scene now assumed a more lively and stirring aspect—numerous boats darted out from the harbour, manned by a set of the most blackguard looking scoundrels I had ever set eyes upon, in the shape of Arabs and Spaniards from the Balearic Isles. There were of course a few well dressed respectable looking fellows among them, but the impression on my mind was, and I daresay it formed itself into words, although that I forget, “what a pity piracy is at an end, for

there is a lot of beauties who would have been, under a government who had their interest at heart, an honour to their profession, *parlant à l'Algerienne*." As we were some time in obtaining our *pratique*, the boats kept hovering round the vessel at about an oar's length distance, and we had every opportunity of examining the physiognomy, and indeed the craniology—for all were shaved, and few wore the turban—of the motley crew who waited, not in silent expectation, the honour of rowing us ashore.

During this time a little incident occurred, which, though of no great interest, is worth the noting, as it afforded us considerable amusement for the moment.

Two boats manned by Moors came to the side at the same time, and very naturally both made for the ladder, each anxious to secure the first fare. This occasioned, also very naturally, a quarrel between the rival crews, which after a deal of general conversation was left in the hands, or rather in the mouths of, on the one side, a tall Moor, with rather a fine face, of a good oval, with a handsome aquiline nose, but with the expression completely *bedevilled* by one of the most diabolical squints I ever beheld—on the other side, an equally tall negro, with about as much intelligence in his expression as can be produced by a small receding forehead, flat nose, and big lips. After the exchange of a few polite epithets in pure Arabic, (I suppose,) something was said by the negro which offended the delicacy of the white man, who

incontinently spit in his opponent's face. Blacky stooped low in return for this civility, but in stooping he happened to take off one of his slippers, and seizing it by the toe, he made the shaven pate of his *interlocutor* become intimately acquainted with the heel. The Moor's eyes flashed fire, and he grinned "horribly a ghastly smile," as grinding his teeth with rage he snatched up his oar, and poising it high in air, aimed a blow at his devoted rival. The weapon descended, and we all shuddered at the anticipation of seeing the negro's skull split, when by a rapid movement of his boat he put himself out of danger. Grappling over, the combat was not ended, for then commenced a regular bombardment from a weapon which, though not deadly, carries far and shoots fast, affording infinite amusement to those among us who had studied the beauties of the Arab tongue. The boat from the Santé coming off at this moment, put an end to the scene, amid the bustle of disembarkation.

Having at length effected a landing, with no other accident than what happened to Forbes' botanical paper, which most unluckily fell into the water through the carelessness of the Moor to whom it had been entrusted, we put ourselves and our baggage under the guidance of two or three dirty looking boys, to be conveyed to the *Hotel du Nord, tenu par Pigéard*. Oh! horror of horrors! oh! most cruel of all comfortable realities which broke abruptly and harshly the dream of poesy in which I had lately been indulging. I was going, in a

Mahometan country, to an inn—a regular inn—a French inn—kept by a Frenchman, to eat French cooked meats, and to cry *Garçon!* Oh! tame and unpicturesque Europe, what hast thou to do in Africa? However, once fairly housed, we found European monotony not at all uncomfortable, and condescended to breakfast heartily *à la fourchette*, in spite of our attention being diverted by the loud voice of the Muezzins, from the minarets of two mosques hard by, who made the welkin ring with their “*Allah il Allah Mahomet Kerin Allah.*”

After putting ourselves to rights, and christianising ourselves a little, for our four days' beards gave us some faint resemblance to a Mahometan or—a Frenchman, we strutted out to glance at the town and the natives. I shall never forget the strange effect produced on my mind by such a mass of objects presenting entirely new aspects. Every thing told me I had left Europe. Turbanned heads, long beards, and wide trousers flitted around on every side; and crowded the narrow passages dignified by the name of streets. Here a group of jabbering negresses, dressed in blue check calicoes, offered bread for sale to the by-passers; there, a score of copper-coloured Moorish porters stood, listlessly luxuriating in the sunbeams, waiting for employment. On this side stood a trio of meek-looking Jews, in their sombre coloured garb, discussing the money market,—on that were collected a noisy set of Moorish and Jewish boot cleaners, stunning our ears with their “*Cirer, cirer, Monsieur?*” while now

and then a grave Turk, pipe in hand, threaded his noiseless way through the motley crowd. I felt myself in a new world. Every thing was new; costumes were new, physiognomies were new, language was new, architecture was new, and I stared about me with wide-opened eyes, "*adrectisque auribus*," and almost gaping mouth, like—like, ——— I can't find an elegant simile, and must just down with a common but expressive one—like a *stuck pig*. Eager to see the country, we made our exit by one of the gates, the Bab-el-Oued, a "gate of the stream," and following a beautiful piece of Macadamised road, which has been cut by the French engineers in a winding fashion to the top of the heights, we made the entire circuit of the town; and here again new objects struck my bewildered senses. Instead of the every-day vegetation I had hitherto been accustomed to, the strong prickly aloe with its enormous flower stalk, and the ungraceful cactus or Barbary fig, formed a thick brushwood, in many parts quite impenetrable, while a palm or two waved aloft their elegant foliage, imparting a truly tropical aspect to the scene.

We returned by the opposite side of the town, entering by the Bab-a-Azoun, and each retired to his chamber, to note his impressions of his *first day in Algiers*.

11th. Still rambling about, staring, Johnny Raw fashion, at the various novelties with which I am surrounded. This evening, a little way out of town, I encountered a troop of Bedouins mounted on camels, or

rather dromedaries. They had been at Algiers selling their produce, and were now on their way to their houses in the extensive plain which lies between the chain of Mount Atlas, and the range of heights upon which Algiers is built. It was a group for a painter. The dark brown well-formed intelligent faces of the Arabs, enveloped in their kaïck, which is fastened round the head with a cord of camel's hair wound round several times in rough imitation of the folds of a turban, the graceful bernous, covering their muscular well-knit frames, and the huge ungainly animal upon which they rode, formed altogether a scene of the most picturesque and beautiful kind.

12th. To-day, visited for the first time a Turkish *café*. It was a small room, opening directly off the street. There were no windows, all the light being received by the door, the opening of which occupied wholly one end of the room: on either side were benches covered with mats for the guests, and at the inner extremity was a small fire-place, with a charcoal fire in proportion, for the concoction of the coffee. The room might be about twelve feet long, by five or six wide. The walls were well garnished with long Turkish pipes, as black as the greatest connoisseur could possibly desire. The only person present was a little boy, about ten years of age; as it was in a quarter of the town entirely Moorish, we had to work by signs, which was not difficult, as the little fellow very naturally thought that, on coming into

his *café*, we came to demand the only thing he had to sell. He prepared our coffee on the spot; a quantity of finely ground coffee was put into each cup; hot water poured over it, and a little sugar added, and in this state it was handed to us. I found it excellent, that is, the clear liquor, after having allowed the grounds to subside completely, and far superior in flavour to even the much esteemed French coffee. The payment was a difficulty not so easily got over as the demanding. French, English, and Italian were all tried, but without effect. At last I took out a handful of *sous*, and motioned him to take the price of the coffee. The little devil fairly did us, for he picked off the whole, eight or nine in number, one after the other, grinning with delight the whole time, and watching my eyes very attentively for the signal to stop. On getting home we learned that the ordinary price is a *sous* a cup.

A Moorish shop is a perfect curiosity. It consists of, in general, a hole in the wall, or more correctly speaking, a recess, of about five feet in height, as many in width, and six or seven in depth, and elevated about three-and-a-half from the ground. In the centre of this sits the merchant, cross-legged, surrounded on all sides by his merchandise, which, from the nature of the place, is all within reach, the common articles exposed on shelves, the finer enclosed in glass cases. They are complete "*no abatement*" men. You may higgler with a Jew, but not with a Moor or a Turk. If the price does not suit

you, you must do without the article; "Mushallah," exclaims the merchant, "it is written, God is great, and Mahomet is his prophet."

There are some establishments which have the air of wholesale houses, although they are not so in reality, of much larger dimensions than those just described. They are generally situated in the interior of the houses, surrounding the court, and some of them have regular doors and windows; but these are rare. In the streets where the shops are plentiful, one might almost fancy he was strolling through a menagerie. The small holes which constitute the shops, and the strange looking beings which inhabit them, if not bearing a *strong* resemblance to cages of monkeys, or ourang outangs in costume, at least having sufficient to *suggest* the idea.

13th. Roamed out to the Gate Bab-a-Azoun, and stumbled on a group of Arabs, amusing themselves with the pantomimic dance of one of their number. They formed a small circle round the performer, who went through a series of movements, unmeaning in my eyes, but exciting ideas in the minds of his countrymen, which gave rise to shouts of laughter. The step he used could scarcely be dignified by the name of dance. It consisted of a short trampling step, half on the toe, and half on the heel, with one leg advanced a little before the other. He carried a long stick in his hands, with which he manœuvred a good deal. The music was furnished by a dirty looking Arab, who played an air, if air it may be



NEW MOSQUE, ALGIERS

called, consisting of about two or three bars at the utmost, of a simple modulation, on three or four notes, on a rude flute, made of a large species of reed, which grows abundantly in the country.

In the afternoon, having learned that by leaving our shoes at the door, we might enter a mosque, we determined to avail ourselves of the opportunity. I believe Algiers is the only Mahometan town in the world where *Giaours* are permitted to profane the sanctuaries of the true believers. We chose the largest mosque in the city for our visit. It consists of a huge parallelogram, with a court in the centre, in which plays a fountain with marble basins, for the performance of their frequent ablutions. The interior consists of one immense hall, occupying three sides of the building, the fourth side forming merely a simple corridor. The roof is arched, and is supported by a great number of pillars connected by the Moorish arch so picturesque, but not so graceful as the Gothic. The floor is covered with matting, with every here and there a rich carpet, for the use of the richer worshippers. At the time we entered, there were about ten or twenty persons present, scattered through the church, each repeating his solitary prayers either in a corner, or with his back against a pillar. The Imaum was squatted, opposite a niche in the wall, which appears to be a holy place, reading, or rather chaunting portions of the Koran, in a manner which reminded me forcibly of many parts of the Catholic mass.

Being in a religious mood, and as the day was Saturday, we went from Mahomet to pay our respects to Moses, in the most fashionable synagogue of Algiers. We found it much better attended than the mosque, because, here there was a regular service. An old Rabbi, with a venerable white beard, mounted a sort of tribune, which was placed in the centre of the chamber, the congregation being seated around on benches as in a christian church. He prayed for several minutes, the people intimating their assent by loud and repeated *Amens*. Around the room were several niches in the wall, the contents of which were concealed by red curtains; at first we thought that behind might be placed the females of the congregation, but we were soon undeceived, by a couple of elders advancing to one and drawing back the curtains. Numerous rolls of parchment were now exposed to view, consisting, no doubt, of the law and the prophets. One of these was selected in the most reverential manner and carried round half the synagogue to the tribune, where it was unrolled and laid before the officiating Rabbi. In its progress, the holy volume was respectfully kissed by all those who were near enough, and those who were more distant received the divine influence through the fingers of their more happily placed brethren. Portions of the law were then read by the Rabbi, and several elders who mounted the tribune in succession. Each of them as he descended and returned to his place,

retailed out the odour of sanctity he had received from his contact with the holy volume, by touching the hands of his neighbours, each as he received the holy touch kissing his fingers most reverentially. The law was then rolled up and conveyed to its depository, passing by that part of the congregation which had been missed before. Every one who kissed or touched the volume, seemed to be imbued with a temporary sanctity, the influence of which he could distribute, like the holy water of the Catholics, *ad infinitum*. But it would appear that some of the most devout considered it to be weakened by this multiplication. I observed an old man send off his son, a boy of about twelve years of age, from one end of the synagogue to the other, for the purpose of kissing the hand of a respectable looking elder, who had just descended from reading. A species of sermon was then read, or rather chaunted, as fast as the old Rabbi could articulate. Prayer followed, the whole congregation standing and muttering in a half whisper, the most devout prostrating themselves at intervals almost to the ground. A little chaunting followed, and the service terminated. From the number of Jews congregated together, I had an opportunity of observing them well, and remarked that the expression of their countenance is decidedly more mild than that of the Moors or Arabs; they have none of the vivacious expression of the former, and none of that independent air which characterises the latter. In the young men this meekness approaches almost to

effeminacy. If we look for a cause for this gentle subdued expression of countenance, we find it in the circumstance of the long years of oppression which the Jewish tribes have undergone under the disciples of Mahomet. The Jews in free civilized countries present the same form of countenance, but long years of freedom have imparted to it that expression of equality and independence which characterises the man who feels himself inferior to none around him. In the evening, whilst strolling in the country in the vicinity of the town, we found every where and there knots of Jews squatted in sheltered places, chaunting a monotonous sort of song, but, whether of a religious or convivial kind, I could not determine.

14th. Walked along the northern shore to Cape Pescade or Mers el Dhabanne, a distance of about eight miles, and beyond the last French out-post. There are some ruins of old Turkish fortifications, part of which have been fitted up for the accommodation of a small garrison of infantry. This side of the town is much less populous and much less beautiful than the eastern. There is almost no plain; the mountains descending almost directly into the sea, the coast being, of course, exceedingly rugged. However, there are some beautifully situated villas, delightfully placed on the brow of the hills, and surrounded by gardens and groves of trees.

15th. Roamed to-day on the heights of Bonjaria, or Bon-Laria, which are pretty steep, and furrowed by



THE BAY OF

THE BAY OF PONT DES JEUENIERS

precipitous ravines, the sides of which are studded with most beautiful little villas. In one of these ravines we stumbled on a rural *café*, situated on the banks of the brook which murmured along the bottom; a party of about thirty, composed of Moors, Arabs, and negroes, were squatted around the room enjoying their coffee and pipes, and listening to the interminable song of one of their number, who was apparently relating some metrical history. He accompanied his voice by a few rude notes from a species of mandoline, and was joined occasionally by the company in a most unmelodious chorus.

16th. Started this morning early, in company with a French merchant, a little original that we had picked up on board the steamboat in coming over, to see the interior of a couple of Moorish houses about three miles distant from the town, on the road to Cape Pescade. Our little friend is mightily afraid of two things, which he seems to consider the two greatest evils of the country; the first and most important is, a *coup de soleil*, very common and much to be dreaded by his account, because he read one case of a little boy who died after too long exposure to the sun's rays; but he has told us of this instance so often, that I suppose he considers the number of cases increased by one at the end of each recital. The second is, the *Arabs*, greatly to be feared unless one goes armed, and in company. His *coup de soleil* panic had a very disagreeable effect upon me, for it made us get up before five o'clock, that we might have our walk over before the

heat of the day commenced. The first house we visited belongs to the *Maire* of the Commune of Point Pescade, but I shall not note it, as it has lost all charm for me, being inhabited by a European, and having undergone improvements in the European style.

The second was entirely aboriginal. It is the property of a Jew broker, almost the only one who can boast of being called *honest* in Algiers. The form was an irregular rectangle of three stories, with a court in the centre. Three of the sides were occupied by the apartments, the fourth was devoted to the staircase. A colonnade of Moorish twisted pillars and arches formed the means of communication between the chamber of each story. The floor of the court and the walls of the house were covered with variegated tiles, some disposed in a tasteful manner, others, however, laid on without any regard to the design. The chambers were ornamented with the same tiles. The windows looking outwards were very small, and grated with iron, the principal light being received from the court. Exactly opposite the door of the principal chamber was a recess, in which was placed the ottoman of honour for the reception of the guests.

The family were very polite; we were made to recline on this seat, while they continued standing, for some time, but gradually, one after the other, they found seats of some kind or other. After chatting a little a large antique-looking tray, apparently of copper, plated, and covered with carved devices, was brought, bearing several

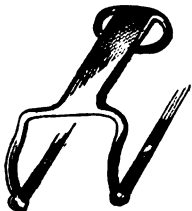
plates of sweetmeats and conserves of oranges and orange flowers, and two bottles of liqueur. Rum, as the greatest delicacy, was offered, but, at the suggestion of our French friend, we begged to taste the other, as it was a liqueur of the country. It is called anisette, but is prepared from figs. It resembles, to a certain degree, both the anisette and absinth of France, but has a flavour milder and more agreeable than either. Our host, having learned that one of our number was German, mentioned that he had staying with him a priest from Jerusalem who spoke German; we expressed a desire to see him, and he was accordingly sent for. On his entrance, we rose up to do him honour; but it was casting our pearls before swine, for a more stupid-looking, awkward, unintellectual being I never saw; the only thing that was in the least degree interesting about him was his costume. His *coiffure* consisted of the half-turban, half-hat, which I used to see in the engravings of Jewish scenes. His loose robes of brown bombazine hung not ungracefully, even about his clumsy person. Our friend tried to draw him out, but it was of no use, his answers being confined to *yes* and *no*. We had most conversation with an albino of the family, whose residence was Jerusalem. He was brother of our host, and spoke Arabic, French, Italian, and Spanish. He spoke in raptures of Jerusalem, and longed to get back; want of means alone preventing him from returning to his family. As the Jewish women are not kept hid like those of the Moors, we were honoured by the presence

of the whole family; none very inviting except one young girl of apparently sixteen or seventeen years of age, with a great chubby infant at her breast; she had been married for two years.

17th. Notwithstanding the cautions and forebodings of our little French merchant, we determined, in spite of the "*terrific Bedouins*" to push our excursion a little further than we had yet done, and accordingly hired a carriage to convey us to the Maisa Cuné, the ancient port to the East, situated, at about ten miles distance, on the border of the great plain of the Metidja. On arriving there we dismissed our vehicle, being resolved on returning on foot. The road passes by the district called Mustapha, composed of a perfect mass of beautiful, I may say, princely villas, all painted of a most dazzling whiteness; their irregular forms, their crenilated walls and domes, forming a beautifully picturesque outline among the masses of rich trees with which they are surrounded. As we approached the limits of our trip, the country assumed a less beautiful appearance, ruined houses and ill-kept fields taking the place of the villas and gardens of Mustapha. Two miles before reaching the fort we entered on an entirely wild district, composed of undulating ground, covered with a brushwood of pistachios, and the camerop or fair-leaved palm, affording abundant shelter to the wild boars and jackals, the principal inhabitants of the district. We strolled about seeking chameleons, having been told that they

were plentiful in this neighbourhood, but we were not so fortunate as to find any, the season not being yet far enough advanced.

However, we had an opportunity of seeing, what pleased me a great deal better, three specimens of well mounted Arabs, belonging to friendly tribes. Each carried a pair of pistols in his belt, a sabre, which was fixed under the left thigh, and a rifle slung across his shoulder under his bernous. The sabre is an additional weapon which they have received from the French, for in general they fight only with their musket, using their yataghans only in giving the *coup de grâce*, or in amputating the heads of their slain foes. One stopped at a fountain to water his horse, and I had an opportunity of examining the bit which they employ; it is what the French call a *mors à bascule*, which answers, I suppose, to our *curb*. It must be of immense strength, in fact, I can scarcely conceive any bone able to resist the effect of such an instrument of torture.



The rough sketch will give some idea of it. The ring at the upper part answers to our curb chain; the under jaw being passed through it when the horse is harnessed.

The Arab spur is likewise curious.

It consists of an iron spike of about eight inches in length, fastened to the heel, and acting upon the flank of the horse, high up near the saddle, in consequence of

the way in which an Arab horseman sits. The stirrups being very short, the knee is forced forward, and the foot is elevated near to the thigh. A mode of riding which, I should think, would be very insecure, were it not for their saddles, which are raised so high both before and behind that it is almost impossible to fall out.

19th. Being desirous of visiting a little of the interior of the country, we started this morning by the diligence—the only diligence in Africa—for Doueira, which is about half-way to Boufarich, where we intended going. At Ibrahim, one of the villages which the French government built to entice colonists, we were joined by an escort of spahis, a native infantry, and by a caravan of settlers, principally Germans, who were going with their waggons to cut the natural hay of the Metidja. We presented rather a formidable appearance. Twenty well armed soldiers in the first place, and a dozen or fifteen able bodied colonists, each with his musket and fixed bayonet lying on the top of his waggon, and another score of unarmed, but-not-to-be-despised-on-that-account, travellers, like myself. At Doueira we stopped to breakfast in a tolerably decent restaurant, with a *café* and billiard table attached. Doueira is a camp of about 1000 men, and besides the military, I do not believe there are two hundred people in the place; but a Frenchman must have his enjoyment wherever he goes, and what native of *la belle France* could exist without a good cook, a good *café*, and a billiard table; these form “à jeu d'ex-

ceptions prés," the essence of his being. There is a little car of eight places, which goes between Doueïra and Boufarich, but, unfortunately, all the seats were taken, and we were thus obliged to tramp the whole way on foot, a three hours' walk; no great distance it is true in itself, but vastly lengthened when you have a scorching sun over head, and not a shrub the height of a gooseberry bush, to shelter you. This and the upset we had between Algiers and Doueïra, (I believe I have not mentioned it before; however, it is nothing to speak of; the diligence laying itself down by the roadside as quietly as if it were only going to take a nap for a few minutes; no one was hurt, but every one was well shaken,) produced a headache which prevented me enjoying my trip so much as I would have otherwise have done. The country between Algiers and Doueïra is hilly and well cultivated for a considerable distance out of the former town; as you approach Doueïra, however, it gradually assumes a wild character, only small portions of cultivation being observed here and there, belonging to the Kabayles, who are almost the only inhabitants. Their principal occupation is the breeding of cattle, and agriculture only serves to supply their own immediate wants. Between Doueïra and Boufarich there is still a part of the hilly district to traverse, but at about two hours' march from the latter place, commences the plain of the Metidja, the most fertile part of the province of Titterie. There are few or no colonists. It is almost

entirely inhabited by Arab tribes, who live in little settlements or villages, (of a temporary nature be it understood,) each village being inhabited by a subdivision or family of the main body. These spots are easily distinguished from the rest of the plain, not by the houses, for they are invisible, being mere mud huts of the colour of the soil, but by the groves of oranges, lemon, and pomegranate trees with which they are surrounded. They live almost entirely by breeding cattle. The country is still unsettled, and it is unsafe to venture far from the military station. The road is guarded by block-houses at regular distances, which have been pushed to within a short distance of Belida, a considerable town situated at the foot of Mount Atlas, but even that is not sufficient. This morning a party of Hadjouts, the tribe which is most hostile, amounting to thirty-eight men, were seized by a "*coup de main*," and brought into the camp. It was a detachment of spahis, or native cavalry, who accomplished the feat, and they took their precaution so well, that not a shot was fired. The Arabs had stolen into the neighbourhood of the settlement, for the purpose of annoying our fellow travellers, the German hay-makers. The Hadjouts inhabit the western extremity of the plain, and are nominally subjects of Abd-el-Kader; but, in this country, sovereignty is but a sound depending for its duration upon the caprice of the governed. They acknowledge Abd-el-Kader as lord paramount, but they care very little

for him, going where they will and doing what they like, agreeing with him only in one thing, namely, hostility to the French.

20th. Left this morning at seven a.m., with the escort, and arrived about five p.m. at Algiers, returning by the same road we had travelled yesterday. We soon learned that a steamboat was advertised to go to Bona to-morrow, at four p.m., and we determined immediately to go, if we could get our passports arranged. But the offices, unfortunately, were all shut, and we must see what can be done to-morrow morning, before breakfast.

In the evening, encountered a German at a *café*, and the conversation turning on baths, he gave us such a graphic description of the Moorish manner of enjoying that luxury, that I determined immediately to purify myself from the dust of the Boufarich road, by trying the thing for myself. I could not persuade either of my two companions to accompany me, so the German and I set off together. I should have preferred going by daylight, but during the day the bath-room is reserved for the use of the fair sex, it being a favourite amusement of the Moorish women.

After passing through a small vestibule, we entered a large antichamber, dimly lighted by a single oil-lamp. Round three sides was a colonnade of marble pillars, raised about three feet from the ground. The flooring was marble, and a fountain played in the centre. In one corner was a small furnace for the preparation of the

coffee, surrounded by a squad of the "*employés*" of the establishment, dressed in the Arab costume, smoking their long pipes, and sipping their coffee. We were immediately laid hold of by two boys, who commenced undressing us by pulling off our boots, which were left in the low part of the room. The rest of the process was completed in the colonnade. In exchange for our clothes we received a blue sheet, which was wrapped round like a petticoat, and a white one, thrown loosely over the head and shoulders. We were then handed over to a half-naked Moor, who conducted us into the bath-room. It was a large vaulted chamber, floored with marble. On three sides were recesses, where the floor was slightly raised, containing each two fountains of hot water. In the centre of the room was the top of the stove, raised about three feet above the floor. Here we seated ourselves, having thrown off our upper loose covering, and I commenced examining the inhabitants of this strange region. They consisted at this moment entirely of the attendants, we being the only bathers. They were all almost naked, having only a stripe of cloth wrapped round their middles, and were luxuriating in the hottest parts of the bath-room, stretched at full length either on the floor, or on the top of the stove, and shouting out one of their interminable monotonous songs, which rung in our ears with tenfold force from the reverberation produced by the arched roof. At first the feeling produced by entering into the hot air was

that of suffocation, but I began almost immediately to perspire, and no sooner did the moisture appear on my skin, than I felt quite comfortable. After sitting for about ten minutes, till every limb was actually a running brook, one of the dusky attendants motioned me to follow him, first of all taking off the blue petticoat, the only remaining garment I had. He conducted me to one of the recesses, and made me lie on my back at full length, in order that I might undergo the process of shampooing, which he forthwith commenced. With his naked hands he first rubbed me all over, pressing with all his weight. This collected the scurf of the skin into little rolls. Every joint in the body was twisted and stretched till it cracked; and crossing my arms across my chest, he placed the whole weight of his body on my elbows, he made my carcass roll under him till I thought he had dislocated every rib in my body. A second then made his appearance, and both having armed their right hands with a haircloth glove, commenced ridding my skin of the rolls of scurf previously collected. This being accomplished, I was smeared over with soap suds, which were lastly removed by ladlefuls of hot water dashed over me, out of the fountains at the side.

Four sheets now made their appearance. One was wrapped round my middle, like a petticoat; a second round my shoulders and chest; a third round my head, like a turban; and the fourth thrown loosely over all. I

was then reconducted to the antichamber, where I found a bed spread for me in the colonnade. Here I remained till dry, luxuriating in a pipe and coffee. This terminated the proceedings, and I must say I never spent thirty *sous* more to my satisfaction. The feeling of lassitude which remains is perfectly luxurious.

21st. After a great deal of trouble and trotting about from the prefecture to the post-office, from the post-office to the prefecture, from this again to the health-office, thence to the consul, and again to the prefecture, we succeeded in obtaining our passports for Bona. I started at three p.m. on board Le Cerbère government steam ship. After about three hours' sail, we encountered a brig of war who sent a boat aboard of us, ordering us to return to Algiers with the news that Achmet Bey had left Constantine *possibly* with the intention of attacking Bona, and that there was a revolt among the spahis of that place. Here was fine news for us, who were anxious to perform the voyage as quickly as possible. But we had only to grumble in private, and return. The authorities of Algiers, however, did not consider the news of much importance, and at midnight we once more set sail.

22d. Sailed along a mountainous coast, which for its outline, recalled forcibly to my mind, the picturesque scenery of some of our Highland lochs. There is this exception, however, that the African hills are much more highly cultivated, many of them being clothed with crops even to the highest ridges.



Adm. 8. 179. 10. 11.

BOUDJEIAH.

At two p.m. reached Boudjeiah, or as the French in their Gallicising zeal call it, Bougie. This was formerly inhabited by the Kabayles, a race distinct from the Arabs, not in general very warlike, but who showed themselves worthy of their cause, when they defended their hearths and families about four years ago, with the most ferocious courage, disputing every inch of ground with the invaders, the combat only ceasing with the demolition of the town, and their almost total extermination.

The native population consists now of only a few children, who escaped the fate of their parents. The bulk of the inhabitants are Maltese, with a few French. The garrison consists of 1200 men, and is composed of what is termed *le bataillon d' Afrique*; a corps formed of picked men from the rest of the army, bad behaviour being their qualification. It is a sort of exile into which all the *mauvais sujets* are sent, as here they have no means of debauch, and the discipline is necessarily strict, the immediate neighbourhood being bitterly hostile. The situation of the town is most picturesque, being built on the slope of a hill on the east side of an extensive bay, the shores of which are rugged and mountainous, with the exception of a small plain at the top, where an insignificant river flows into the Mediterranean. After the conquest, fully a half of the town was demolished, and new fortifications thrown up, enclosing a small area, the old one being too extended

to be easily garrisoned. The old Moorish crenelated walls are seen extending high up the mountain of Gouragah, which rises to about 2000 feet immediately behind. Beyond the walls several of the heights are crowned with block-houses, in order to guard against surprises. It is impossible to visit the country, as the Arabs are constantly on the alert, and shoot or take prisoner every one who is imprudent enough to venture beyond range of the muskets of the garrison; even immediately under the walls, the herds of the commissaries feed under the guard of forty or fifty men. Friday is the favourite day for the enterprises of the Arabs. Being their holiday, they think they cannot employ it better, than by amusing themselves with popping at the unbelievers, and seldom a week passes without some one being favoured with a shot on that day. Here I left my two fellow travellers, who wished to naturalise the limited space allowed them; and I started for Bona at four p.m. in the midst of one of the most tremendous showers of rain I ever beheld. In the evening coasted along a country bearing still the same character.

23d. Coast still mountainous, but less cultivated and more wooded than that of yesterday, also less elevated. At mid-day reached Bona, which is situated like Boudjeiah on the east side of a large bay. It is less picturesque than this town, but the country is much richer and more valuable looking for the purposes of agriculture. The town is built upon a rising ground,

which slopes to the north, and is protected by a citadel called the Casaubale, placed upon a considerable elevation immediately behind the town.

The houses of Bona are in much better state than those of Boudjeiah, the assault being less destructive than on the latter town. The streets are narrow like those of Algiers, and the architecture is of a similar character, though less rich, and bears altogether the stamp of belonging to an inferior town.

While lounging about a large square which the French have constructed, (the first thing they think of is a place to promenade in,) I heard a wild kind of music proceeding from what appeared to me to be a sort of *corps de garde* of native troops. I was on the point of entering, when I received a pretty broad hint to stay where I was, by seeing a number of persons ejected by the native sentinel. I thought, however, that there could be no harm in standing at the door and listening. An old chief, richly dressed, and "taking his ease" on his Turkey carpet, beckoned to me to enter, and addressed some angry words to the sentry. I entered, paying the civil old gentleman christian respect by taking off my hat. I passed into a court, in which I found a complete band of music, consisting of three wind instruments resembling clarionets, of a very rude construction, however; six small drums shaped like our kettle drums, but measuring only six or eight inches in diameter; like the kettle drums, each performer took charge of two; three large bass

drums played upon with a regular drumstick at one end, and a switch at the other; and two pair of ordinary brass cymbals. The performers, with the exception of the bass drummers, were seated cross-legged within the colonnade of Moorish pillars, which always surrounds the court of a Moorish house. The music was very simple, very wild, and very monotonous, but the harmony was good, and altogether the effect was not displeasing. After they had finished, a voice belonging to some one I did not see, pronounced a few words in a low tone, which in my ears sounded like a prayer or benediction. The musicians bowed, stooping almost till their faces touched the ground, and went off. I did so likewise, and in going out received a very hearty shake of the hand from the old fellow who had been so civil before. I again returned him my thanks, by taking off my hat in the most christian manner possible, the language of signs being the only one mutually understood by us.

There is a much greater number of richly dressed Arabs and Moors here than even at Algiers; they are all armed, from which I conclude that they belong to the native corps in the French service, although they are not clothed in uniform, every man dressing according as his fancy dictates, or his means allow him. They appear very happy and contented, and well they may; while the Frenchman works for twelve or thirteen *sous* a day, these lazy scamps are bribed to be faithful by a pay of three francs. They have little or nothing to do but lounge

about and smoke their pipes, and of course are very well pleased with that result of the conquest. The government, however, either counting on the sincerity of the attachment of those men, or imagining itself sufficiently firmly planted in the country to be independent of them, intends to reduce their present pay. But look at the probable result. They will displease a band of men hostile at heart, give them grounds for revolt, and recruit the army of Achmet Bey, with soldiers whom they have well armed, and to whom they have imparted some degree of discipline. The French were wrong, in the first instance, in buying the friendship of these fellows by large pay, and now they are doubly wrong in exciting discontent in their present insecure situation.

The population of Bona, not military, is composed almost entirely of English subjects; the Maltese also form a body of about 1500. There are very few French.

24th. In the morning, strolled out to the north of the town. The country is mountainous, but the soil is apparently good. Indeed, I have scarcely seen finer crops in any country in which I have yet been.

Learned that the house which yesterday I took for a *corps de garde*, is the dwelling of Youssouf Bey, a man who has risen from the dregs of society—a man of talent, but who, without the favouring circumstance of a revolution, would have remained in his original obscurity. He now commands the native troops of the army of the East, with, if I mistake not, the rank of General.

After some little trouble, on account of the British Consul being absent, I succeeded in obtaining my passport for returning to Algiers by to-morrow's steamboat, and having now nothing to detain me, I strolled out towards the east for the purpose of visiting the ruins of the Roman town of *Lipona*, situated at the distance of a mile and a half. The site is most beautiful, and the place must have been a perfect paradise in former days, when in the hands of a rich, luxurious, and powerful nation. The town lay in a hollow, beautifully fertile, as is shown by the large growth of the olives and fig trees which cover its surface at present—enclosed on three sides by hills, that on the east being of considerable height, and cultivated to the summit, those on the sides being smaller, and sloping gradually to the plain which bounds the town on the west, and which stretches in an uninterrupted level to the modern town of Bona. The ruins possess little interest, because they are truly ruins, from the greater part of which no idea can be formed of either the style of architecture, or quality of the buildings of which they are the debris. Large masses, composed of building stones cemented by mortar, are scattered over an immense extent of ground, proving only that the ancient city must have been of large size. The only part in tolerable preservation is a series of immense vaults inserted into the side of one of the neighbouring hills, which are said to have been baths. The idea appears likely enough, although I am not sufficiently an antiquarian to

give a judgment on the subject; but there are numerous aqueducts in the immediate vicinity which may have conveyed the water to the building of which these vaults form a part. A large shapeless mass of thick wall is pointed out, as the site of the church dedicated to St. Augustine. But the appearance, as well as the odour of sanctity has fled, and no one would take it for more than it really is, a piece of a stone wall. As I was roaming about this charming spot, I was startled by the sudden apparition of a large jackal, who sneaked out of a thicket close by, for the purpose of crossing the road. But as a Christian is rather a rare animal in these parts, my vicinity frightened him, and he darted out of sight much quicker than he had appeared. He was about the size of an ordinary fox, resembling that animal a good deal, but of a different colour; his fur being of a light brownish-grey.

On returning, I was attracted towards the public abattoir, which is situated outside the walls, by observing a numerous party of vultures enjoying a repast upon the offals. I moved slowly towards them, and by concealing myself behind some houses, succeeded in getting within fifteen or twenty yards of them. It is a greyish-white bird, with a black mark at the tip of its wings; the head is not quite bald, being covered with a very short plumage; the beak is yellow, long, and crooked at the point. It is altogether a most disgusting looking animal, and harmonizes exceedingly well with the localities

which it frequents. They are left unharmed, so that they sometimes become tolerably bold, approaching quite close to the butchers when at work, and even perching on the backs of some hogs, who are prowling about on the same errand with themselves. The head butcher is a Moor, and appeared very expert at his business. The assistants are all Maltese. The ox is not felled, as with us, but is thrown on its back and its throat cut from ear to ear.

While rambling idly about this evening, with my hands behind my back, my mind perfectly idle, not a single idea being awake, I stumbled upon a small but interesting group seated on the ramparts of a little battery which guards the harbour. It consisted of an old Moor, with two young ones, whom we may suppose his grandchildren, and a French boy. The young fry were singing, and the old fellow was accompanying the music, by good-natured smiles and encouraging nods. But what was my amazement, when I made out the air and got near enough to distinguish the words, to hear these little crescent worshippers vociferating at the pitch of their voices,

“ En avant marchons,
Contre leurs canons,
Courons à la victoire.”

Talk of the march of intellect! after that: what can we expect when the fatalist children of Mahomet sing the Marseillaise, and when the revolutionary songs of France

resound from Mussulman throats along the coast of Barbary?

26th. Yesterday, left Bona at noon, and arrived this morning, at seven o'clock, at Boudjeiah, where I found my fellow-travellers tired of the place, but at the same time delighted with their acquisitions in natural history, notwithstanding the restrictions laid upon them by an imbecile governor, who refused them permission to go beyond the walls, and who, on learning that one of them was an artist, sent a message forbidding him to take any sketches of the town. The weather is intensely hot, the sirocco bringing with it its accustomed oppression. It is the most disagreeable heat I ever experienced, producing a clammy moisture over the whole body, and apparently preventing, at the same time, evaporation and free transpiration. Left at half-past one, p.m., anxious to get to Algiers in time to start by to-morrow's packet.

27th. Arrived at Algiers at eight o'clock a.m., got ashore as fast as we could, and did all that mortal man could do, to fulfil the injunctions of the French police, but all without avail, and here we are, fixed at the Hôtel du Nord, Rue de la Marine, for another week. To-day we learned that during our absence a farmer about twenty-five miles off, had been attacked by the Bedouins, who drove off the whole of the live stock, notwithstanding the resistance of the colonists, who lost some two or three men. A detachment was immediately despatched to punish the

Arab tribes in the vicinity, but they found the enemy about 4000 strong, and owing to some mis-management, they were short of provisions, and were obliged to retreat to the sea coast, where they could be supported by their steamboats.

I have changed my room in the hôtel; the one I now have looks into the street, an advantage generally in our part of the world, but quite the contrary here, as when I want to see what is going on out of doors, and thrust my head out at the window, my progress is speedily stopped by its coming bump up against the wall of the opposite house. This is no exaggeration. The street below is about three and a-half feet wide, but up at the third story, where I am, it is not more than ten inches; so one may easily believe that the view is not very extensive.

28th. This evening went to a Spanish ball, where we had an opportunity of seeing the characteristic dances of Spain, such as the Bolero, the Fandango, and the Cachucha. The latter is an exceedingly graceful dance, consisting of slow measured movements, as much of the arms and body as of the feet, and well merits the reputation it has acquired. The company consisted of sailors, porters, and shop boys with their girls, who, although possessed of fine black hair and sparkling black eyes, were, in general, far from pretty.

29th. Made an excursion on foot to a *café*, which is beautifully placed in a grove of enormous plane trees,

some distance beyond Mustapha. On the way we fell in with two acquaintances, whom we had met on board the *Cerbère*; one the surgeon of the vessel, a *little bit* of a naturalist, both as regards his person and his knowledge, but a merry dog, always laughing and ready for fun; the other was a sombre sedate man, who had little to say for himself, but though not witty, he was, like Falstaff, the cause of wit in others. He had a most mortal dread of being shot by the Bedouins, and nothing would induce him to move fifty yards into the country without his musket, double-barrelled and loaded with ball. We dubbed him forthwith our *garde de corps*, to protect us against the attacks of the wild Arabs. We stayed at the *café* about two hours, drinking coffee and smoking our pipes, and amusing ourselves with the practical jokes which a blackguard looking Moor was playing off on his companions, particularly on one of them who had forgot the precepts of the Koran, and had just finished his fourth bottle of wine. While there, a Turk dressed in a rich crimson suit of clothes, with a beautiful white bernous thrown over his shoulders, and sporting in his hand a white cambric pocket handkerchief, entered and seated himself on one of the benches. As he belonged evidently to the upper classes, I took a good stare at him, more, perhaps, than good manners allowed. His dress did not differ, except in quality, from that of the ordinary people. His clothes were shaped exactly in the same manner, and he wore no stockings; hence, I suppose, that this

article of dress, so common in Algiers, particularly among the Jews, has been introduced by the French. He played a game at draughts, with an impudent looking fellow who was hanging about. As far as I could judge, the game appeared to me the same as ours, but it was difficult to follow their movements, as they played with an astonishing rapidity, the one commencing his move almost before the other had finished. A European idler who was there, and who spoke Arabic, told me that the great personage was the son-in-law of the late unfortunate Dey. He was originally a private soldier in the Dey's army, and a man of no note. But it so happened that the Dey's daughter and her husband did not agree. The old fellow took the lady's part and sent his son-in-law about his business in the most summary way. To fill his place was the next consideration. A means was resorted to well worthy the wisdom of Solomon. A review of the troops was ordered, and the fair one placed so as to be able to choose the individual who should please her the most. Her choice fell on this man, who was forthwith raised from the ranks to wealth, and honour, and to the nuptial chamber of a prince's daughter.

30th. Spent this forenoon in roaming about the higher parts of the city, which are inhabited almost entirely by natives. During my ramble, I had the luck to meet several Mooreesses unveiled. Their faces were all painted, and nearly all in the same style; a black line running across the ridge of the eyebrows uniting them into one,

a small blue sprig painted on the middle of the forehead, and another at the root of the nose, are the general ornaments; several had in addition flowers on each cheek. Their nails are always stained yellow with the juice of the henna. In one street I found two old Arab beggars, seated at a door soliciting charity; they were blind, and attempted to excite the sympathy of those within, by singing an uncouth sort of melody, one accompanying the song with a pair of small cymbals, about three inches in diameter, the other, by striking a tambourine with the front of his hand; they do not employ the knuckles as we do.

June 1st. Went this forenoon to visit a favourite resort of the swell mob of Algiers. It is called the *Café Grec*, and is not the most respectable place in the world; but as we were sight seeing, we thought that a momentary contact would not contaminate us much. On entering, we found a large party assembled, engaged in a manner which to me was a clear proof of the progress of the march of intellect, since the arrival of the French. In all Mussulman countries, numbers indulge in spirituous and vinous liquors in private, and although they sin themselves, they do not scandalize the more seriously inclined by an open show of their backslidings. But here they have got above all these trifling prejudices, and the company we had joined were seated on benches, and getting drunk, *more christianorum*, in a public *café*, in one of the most public streets of the Moorish quarter.

In a recess in the wall, elevated about four feet from the ground, were seated three persons, forming a sort of orchestra. The principal performer was a dark complexioned young man, with a fine expression of countenance, handsome features, and piercing black eyes. He played on a species of mandoline, and was dressed gaily, his turban being decorated with flowers, whose stalks and calices were covered with gold leaf. On his right was a dancing girl, accompanying him on a drum of a very primitive construction, being formed of an earthen pot with the bottom knocked off, and a skin stretched across the top. She used both hands, tapping with the front of the fingers. She was half naked, and painted in the most *recherché* style. Her dark hair was parted on the forehead, drawn tightly back, enclosed behind the head in a crimson net, and ornamented with roses with gilt stalks. A dark line united her eyebrows into one. A blue flower was painted on the middle of the forehead, and at the root of the nose. Her cheeks were highly rouged, rather too highly to be in good taste, at least according to our ideas. On the front of her neck were three or four rows of blue sprigs, similar to those on her forehead, and one delicate little one occupied the upper part of the hollow between her breasts. The body was covered by a semi-transparent shift; but round her loins was wrapped a small striped petticoat, open in front, showing yellow trousers of the same fashion as those worn by the men. Her legs and feet were bare. On

the left of the principal performer was another drummer, a very dark Moor, but without any thing remarkable about him. The music was of the most monotonous kind possible, a few simple notes repeated incessantly accompanied a song, or rather a kind of chaunt, as long as Chevy Chase, which seemed to give infinite pleasure to the surrounding tipplers, who occasionally joined in the chorus. Another girl made her appearance while we remained, dressed in a similar manner with the first, with this exception, that her legs were clothed in white cotton stockings. The effect of the whole was picturesque in the extreme. The chamber was Moorish, and we enjoyed the scene through a vista of arabesque columns and arches, which harmonised well with the variety of graceful costumes and outlandish physiognomies.

In the evening I paid a second visit to the Moorish baths, and underwent the same operation as before, and with the same luxurious results. They are too depressing though, and I should think a frequent indulgence in them must weaken the body, and destroy the tone of the muscles. But, taken at intervals and with moderation, I do not know any species of bath which is more fitted for promoting a healthy action in the skin. The Moors employ them to excess, which may account for their want of energy, and the flaccidity of their limbs. This is most remarkable among the women, to whom the bath is an escape from prison, for here they meet and

chat together, thus finding for a few hours sufficient distraction, to make them forget the careful jealousy of their husbands and masters.

June 3d. From the quarterdeck of the *Ramier*, I this day took a last look of the interesting and beautiful country I had just left, and it was a long and a lingering, for the fair landscape that lay extended before my eyes acquired a double interest, from the idea that the short acquaintance I had formed with it was about to break for ever. The remembrance will, however, always be fresh in my mind, for whatever countries I may yet visit, and among whatever people I may yet be thrown, my first intercourse with the worshippers of the crescent will always have a charm for me, which scenes really more interesting and more beautiful perhaps never can efface.

PARIS, *July 30th*, 1837.

I HAVE now, my dear Father, finished a task which has occupied my leisure hours since my return to Paris. I hope you may have as much pleasure in reading my journal as I have had in copying it out; for it was for you. You have already a considerable part of what is here, in my letters, but I hope you will find something new, and if it affords you any amusement, however short, my object will be accomplished.

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